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FROM THE EAST

There is a pleasant thrill for him who opens the *Tsing Hua Journal*, published alternately in English and Chinese at the Tsing Hua College, Peking, China. Among other interesting articles are "Youth and the Ethical Appeal," "High School Literary and Debating Societies," and "Rabindranath Tagore."

In this connection it is worth while to call attention to a report on "The Teaching of English in Japan" which appeared in *Modern Language Teaching* for November and December, 1915.

EVENING[†]

The waters ripple, ripple, ripple
In the twilight's dusky shade,
As sharp outlines into shadows
Gleam and glimmer, soften, fade.
In the turquoise of the heavens,
In the last glow of the day,
Is the evening star a-twinkle,
Giving forth its one pale ray,
In one line of shining silver
Crinkling on the water's peace,
Melting into wave and shadow
Where the rose and violet cease.
Rose and pale gold are the heavens,
Primrose pink and turquoise blue;
Dim reflected in the water
Is each paling, lovely hue.
Purple shades enshroud the mountains,
Creeping to the misty shore,
Playing with the gleaming star-beams
On the lake's e'er-changing floor.
Thinner glow the rose and turquoise,
Brighter starshine, darker sky.
Deeper grow the mists and shadows
As the pale golds waver, die.
All the world sinks deep in slumber,
And the night its sable wings
Wraps about the dreaming earth-folk,
Guards the night rest of all things.

[†] Written by Dorothy C. A. Isenbeck, a Sophomore in the Brookline (Massachusetts) High School.